x Shakspeare (W).

643.9.2.
5-

THE FAIRIES.

AN OPERA.

TAKEN FROM

A Midſummer Night's Dream,

Written by *SHAKESPEAR.*

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

The SONGS from SHAKESPEAR, MILTON, WALLER, DRYDEN, LANSDOWN, HAMMOND, *&c.*

The MUSIC compoſed by Mr. SMITH.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand.* MDCCLV.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

FAIRIES.

AN

OPERA.

TAKEN FROM

A Midsummer Night's Dream,

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

The Songs from SHAKESPEAR, MILTON, WALLER, DRYDEN, LANSDOWN, HAMMOND, &c.

The Music compos'd by Mr. SMITH.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson and S. Draper in the Strand. MDCCXLV.

[Price One Shilling.]

The ARGUMENT.

THESEUS, Duke of *Athens*, having brought the Princeſs *Hippolita* from the *Amazons*, deſigns to marry her in a few days. In the mean time *Egeus*, one of his courtiers, complains to him of his daughter *Hermia*'s love to *Lyſander*, and averſion to *Demetrius*, for whom he intended her. *Hermia* refuſes to marry *Demetrius*, and the Duke allows her four days, either to obey her father, to be put to death, or to vow perpetual chaſtity. *Lyſander* perſuades her to fly with him from *Athens*, and marry him: She conſents, and informs her friend *Helena* of her deſign, who, out of dotage on *Demetrius*, acquaints him with it. He purſues *Hermia*, and *Helena* follows him. Thus they all meet at a wood, ſome little diſtance from *Athens*, where they become liable to the power of the *Fairies*. *Oberon*, King of the *Fairies*, and *Titania* his Queen, being come to give a bleſſing to *Theſeus*' wedding, quarrel about an *Indian* boy, whom the Queen loved, to the raiſing *Oberon*'s jealouſy. *Oberon*, in revenge, and to get the boy from her, charms the Queen to be enamour'd of the firſt live creature ſhe ſhould ſee, and ſends *Puck* with the ſame charm to force *Demetrius* to love *Helena*, but my miſtake, *Puck* charms *Lyſander*, who then loaths *Hermia*, and becomes in love with *Helena*. *Oberon*, ſeeing the miſtake, charms *Demetrius*, who alſo falls in love with *Helena*. This produces a quarrel; but the rivals are prevented fighting by the artifice of *Puck*. *Oberon*, having got the *Indian* boy, puts an end to the charm that held the Queen enamoured of a clown: The lovers being aſleep are likewiſe freed from the power of the charm. *Theſeus*, *Hippolita*, *Egeus*, *&c.* coming to hunt in the Wood, find the four lovers ſleeping; they are waked with the ſound of the horns, and *Demetrius* avowing his love to *Helena*, and *Lyſander* avowing his love to *Hermia*, they are married at the ſame time with *Theſeus* and *Hippolita*.

PROLOGUE,

Written and ſpoken by Mr. GARRICK.

Enter—Interrupting the Band of Muſic.

A Moment ſtop your tuneful Fingers, pray,
While Here, *as uſual, I my Duty pay,* [To the Audience.
Don't frown, my Friends, [to the Band] *you ſoon ſhall melt again;*
But, if not Here, *is felt each dying Strain,*
Poor I ſhall Speak *and you will* Scrape *in vain.*
To ſee me Now, *you think the ſtrangeſt Thing!*
For, like Friend Benedick, *I cannot ſing!*
Yet in this Prologue, cry but you, Coraggio!
I'll Speak *you both a* Jig, *and an* Adagio.
A Perſian *King, as* Perſian *Tales relate,*
Oft' went diſguis'd, to hear the People prate;
So, curious I, ſometimes ſteal forth, incog,
To hear what Critics croak of me—King Log.
Three Nights ago, I heard a Tête á Tête
Which fix'd, at once, our Engliſh Opera's *Fate:*
One *was a Youth born here, but fluſh from* Rome,
The other *born abroad, but here his Home;*
And firſt the Engliſh Foreigner *began,*
Who thus addreſs'd the foreign Engliſhman:
An Engliſh Opera! *'tis not to be borne;*
I, both my Country, and their Muſic ſcorn,
Oh, damn their Ally Croakers, *and their* Early-Horn.
Signor ſi — bat ſons — wors recitativo,
Il tutto, è beſtiale e cativo,
This ſaid, I made my Exit, *full of Terrors!*
And now aſk Mercy, for the following Errors:

PROLOGUE.

Excuſe us firſt, for foolishly ſuppoſing,
Your Countryman *could pleaſe you in compoſing;*
An Op'ra *too!—lay'd by an* Engliſh *Band,*
Wrote in a Language which you underſtand—
I dare not ſay, WHO *wrote it—I could tell ye,*
To ſoften Matters—Signor Shakeſpearelli:
This awkward Drama—*(I confeſs th' Offence)*
Is guilty too, of Poetry and Senſe:
And then the Price we take—you'll all abuſe it,
So low, ſo unlike Op'ras—*but excuſe it,*
We'll mend that Fault, whenever you ſhall chuſe it.
Our laſt Miſchance, and worſe than all the reſt,
Which turns the whole Performance to a Jeſt,
OUR *Singers all are well, and all will do their beſt.*
But why would this raſh Fool, this Engliſhman,
Attempt an Op'ra?——*'tis the ſtrangeſt Plan!*
Struck with the Wonders of his Maſter's Art,
Whoſe ſacred Dramas *ſhake and melt the Heart,*
Whoſe Heaven-born Strains the coldeſt Breaſt inſpire,
Whoſe Chorus-Thunder *ſets the Soul on Fire!*
Inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd! at thoſe magic Airs,
When Samſon *groans, and frantic* Saul *deſpairs;*
The Pupil wrote—his Work is now before ye,
And waits your Stamp of Infamy, or Glory!
Yet, ere his Errors and his Faults are known,
He ſays, thoſe Faults, thoſe Errors, are his own;
If through the Clouds appear ſome glimm'ring Rays,
They're Sparks he caught from his great Maſter's Blaze!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS,	Duke of *Athens*,	Mr. *Beard.*
EGEUS,	an *Athenian* Lord,	Mr. *Chamnys.*
LYSANDER,	in Love with HERMIA,	Sig. *Curioni.*
DEMETRIUS,	in Love with HERMIA,	Mr. *Atkins.*
HIPPOLITA,	Princeſs of the *Amazons*, betrothed to THESEUS,	Mrs. *Jefferſon.*
HERMIA,	Daughter to EGEUS, in Love with LYSANDER,	Sig. *Paſſerini.*
HELENA,	in Love with DEMETRIUS,	Mrs. *Vernon.*
OBERON,	King of the *Fairies*,	Maſter *Reinholt.*
TITANIA,	Queen of the *Fairies*,	Miſs *Young.*
PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW,	a *Fairy*,	Maſter *Moore.*
A FAIRY,	——	Maſter *Evans.*

Other Fairies *attending the King and Queen.*

The SCENE *lies in* Athens, *and in a Wood not far from it.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY Paſſages of the firſt Merit, and ſome whole Scenes in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, are neceſſarily omitted in this *Opera*, to reduce the Performance to a proper length; it was feared that even the beſt Poetry would appear tedious when only ſupported by *Recitative*. Where *Shakeſpear* has not ſupplied the Compoſer with Songs, he has taken them from *Milton*, *Waller*, *Dryden*, *Lanſdown*, *Hammond*, *&c.* and it is hoped they will not ſeem to be unnaturally introduced.

THE FAIRIES. AN OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter THESEUS *and* HIPPOLITA *with Attendants.*

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace, four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires.
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;

The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

AIR.

Pierce the air with ſounds of joy,
Come, Hymen, *with the winged boy,*
Bring ſong and dance and revelry.
From this our great ſolemnity,
Drive care and ſorrow far away;
Let all be mirth and holiday!

SCENE II.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

EGEUS.

Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.

THESEUS.

Thanks, good *Egeus*.

EGEUS.

Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth, *Demetrius*; my noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.

Stand forth, *Lyſander*: and my gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child;
With cunning hath he filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, to ſtubborn harſhneſs.
Therefore do I claim the *Athenian* law.
As ſhe is mine I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to *Demetrius*,
Or to her grave.

THESEUS.

What ſay you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair maid,
To you your father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties.

HERMIA.

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THESEUS.

Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.

HERMIA.

I do beſeech your grace, that I may know
The worſt of it if I refuſe *Demetrius*.

THESEUS.

Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.

Thrice

Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

HERMIA.

So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

AIR.

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimick virtue with the paint of art;
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart;
The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And duil ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

THESEUS.

Take time to pauſe, and by the next new moon,
The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;

Or on *Diana*'s altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity, and ſingle life.

EGEUS.

Hermia is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius.*

LYSANDER.

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head,)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter *Helena,*
And won her ſoul, and ſhe, ſweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.

THESEUS.

I muſt confeſs that I have heard ſo much—
But come, *Egeus,* and *Demetrius* come,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both:
Of this no more—Let not theſe jars untune
Our hearts, high-ſtrung to harmony and love.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

Joy alone ſhall employ us,
No griefs ſhall annoy us,
No ſighs the ſad heart ſhall betray;
Let the vaulted roof ring,
Let the full chorus ſing,
Bleſt Theſeus *and* Hippolita! [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Manent LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

LYSANDER.

How now, my love? why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

HERMIA.

Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

LYSANDER.

Hermia, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood,
Strangely miſgrafted in reſpect of years,
Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends,
Or if there were a ſympathy of choice;
War, death, or ſickneſs, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as is a dream.

HERMIA.

If then true lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience:
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,

As

As due to love, as thoughts and dreams and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor *Fancy*'s followers!

LYSANDER.

A good perſuaſion, therefore hear me, *Hermia*:
Steal forth thy Father's houſe to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
There will I ſtay for thee, there marry thee,
And fly from *Athens* and her rigorous laws.
Thou know'ſt the place, where I did meet thee once
To do obſervance to the morn of May.

AIR.

When that gay ſeaſon did us lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead,
When the merry bells rung round,
And the rebecks briſk did ſound,
When young and old came forth to play
On a ſunſhine holyday.

Let us wander far away,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray
O'er the mountains barren breaſt,
Where labouring clouds do often reſt,
O'er the meads with daizies py'd,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

HER-

HERMIA.

My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee, by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves,
By all the vows that men have ever broke,
In number more than ever woman ſpoke,
Hermia to-morrow in the depth of night
Will meet *Lyſander*, and attempt her flight.

SCENE IV.

Enter HELENA.

HERMIA.

Good ſpeed, fair *Helena*, whither away?

HELENA.

Call you me fair? that fair again unſay,
Demetrius loves you,

AIR.

O Hermia *fair, O happy, happy fair,*
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air;
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear:
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motion of your lover's heart.

HER-

HERMIA.

I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

HELENA.

Oh that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!

HERMIA.

Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.

AIR.

Before the time I did Lyſander *ſee,*
Seem'd Athens *like a paradiſe to me:*
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!

LYSANDER.

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to ſteal.

HERMIA.

And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet;

There

There my *Lyſander* and myſelf ſhall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow.

LYSANDER.

Helen adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you.

[*Exeunt* Lyſ. *and* Her.

SCENE V.

HELENA.

I'll tell *Demetrius* of fair *Hermia*'s flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Purſue her; I'll at diſtance ſteal behind,
His ſight alone will eaſe my tortur'd mind.
How happy ſome o'er other ſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that, *Demetrius* thinks not ſo.

AIR.

Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid *painted blind:*
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte,
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he often is beguil'd.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Foreſt.

Enter a FAIRY *at one Door, and* PUCK *at another.*

PUCK.

How now, Spirit, whither wander you?

FAIRY.

Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the *Fairy* Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

PUCK.

I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.

AIR.

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſun-ſet merrily,
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

The king doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed the queen come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, and he would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild.
But make room, *Fairy*, here comes *Oberon*.

FAIRY.

And here my miſtreſs; would that we were gone.

SCENE VII.

Enter OBERON *and his Train at one door.*
QUEEN *and her Train at another.*

OBERON.

Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.

QUEEN.

What, jealous *Oberon*? *Fairies*, ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.

OBERON.

Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy.

QUEEN.

The *Fairy-land* buys not the child of me;
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night

Full

Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide;
But ſhe being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I do rear up her child,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

OBERON.

How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

QUEEN.

Perchance, 'till after *Theſeus'* wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us:
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

OBERON.

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

QUEEN.

Not for thy *Fairy* kingdom. Elves away.

AIR.

O'er the ſmooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and train.*

OBERON.

Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury—

My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'ſt
I ſhew'd thee once a flow'r, fetch me that herb.
The juice of it on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.

PUCK.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit* PUCK.

OBERON.

Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love;
And ere I take this charm from off her ſight
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.

AIR.

Come, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
O'er tops of dewy graſs,
So nimbly do we paſs,
The young and tender ſtalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk. [Exit.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open plain, bordered with wood.

Enter OBERON.

OBERON.

WHO comes here? I am invisible,
And I will hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

DEMETRIUS.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desart place.

HELENA.

It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my reſpect, are all the World.

DEMETRIUS.

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

HELENA.

The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will the ſtory ſhall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe.

DEMETRIUS.

I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go,
Or if you follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

AIR.

HELENA.

Love made the lovely Venus *burn,*
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn;
A youth as cold as you, but he
At leaſt purſued no other ſhe.
So have I ſeen the loſt Clouds pour,
Into the ſea a uſeleſs ſhower,

And the vexed ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.

OBERON.

Fare thee well, nymph, ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Welcome, wanderer, haſt thou the flower there?

PUCK

Ay, there it is.

OBERON.

I pray thee give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night;
I with the juice of this will ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek thro' this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies

May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon her love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter QUEEN *with her Train.*

QUEEN.

Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* ſong:
Then for a third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe-buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats: And ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint ſpirits.

AIR.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen,
Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
Come not near the Fairy Queen.
Philomel *with melody,*
Sing in your ſweet lullaby:

Lulla

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come the Fairy's *pillow nigh,*
So good night with lullaby.

Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor ſnail do no offence.
Philomel *with melody*
Sing in your ſweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm
Come the Fairy's *pillow nigh,*
So good night with lullaby.

[Exeunt FAIRIES.

Enter OBERON.

OBERON.

What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar, with briſtled hair,
In thy eye what ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt it is thy dear;
Wake when ſome vile thing is near.

[OBERON *ſqueezes the juice on her eyes, and exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

LYSANDER.

Fair love, you're faint with wandring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak truth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia*, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA.

Be't ſo, *Lyſander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.

LYSANDER.

One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and' one troth.

DUETTE.

Not the ſilver doves that fly,
Yoak'd in Cytherea's *car;*
Are ſo beauteous to the eye,
Are ſo choicely match'd by far.
Not the Wings that bear aloft
The gay ſportive God of love,
Are ſo lovely bright and ſoft,
Or with more conſent do move.

LYSANDER.

There will I lie; ſleep give thee all his reſt.

HERMIA.

With half that wiſh, the wiſher's eyes be preſt.

[*They ſleep.*

SCENE V.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK.

Through the foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve,
This flower's force in ſtirring love:
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he my Maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid!
And here the maiden ſleeping ſound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw,
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid,
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I muſt now to *Oberon*.

[*Exit* PUCK.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* HELENA *following.*

HELENA.

Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius!*

DEMETRIUS.

I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA.

O wilt thou, darling, leave me? do not ſo.

DEMETRIUS.

Stay, on thy peril, I alone will go.

[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

HELENA.

Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? not with ſalt tears,
If ſo, my eyes are oftener waſh'd than hers.
But who is here? *Lyſander*, on the ground:
Dead or aſleep, I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander if you live, good Sir, awake.

AIR.

AIR.

LYSANDER.

Say, lovely dream, where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face;
Colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place;
In heaven itſelf thou ſure wert dreſt,
With that angel-like diſguiſe,
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

Tranſparent *Helen*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart:
Where is *Demetrius?* Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword?

HELENA.

Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo?
What tho' he loves your *Hermia*, yet you know,
That *Hermia* ſtill loves you; then be content.

LYSANDER.

Content with *Hermia?* no, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

HELENA.

HELENA.

Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn?
But fare you well. Perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs.

[*Exit* HELENA.

LYSANDER.

She ſees not *Hermia*, *Hermia* ſleep thou there,
Helen is now *Lyſander*'s only Care.

[*Exit* LYSANDER.

SCENE VI.

HERMIA.

Help me, *Lyſander*, help me, do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyſander, ſpeak, I almoſt ſwoon with fear;
Methought a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:
Lyſander, what remov'd? *Lyſander*, lord!
What out of hearing, gone? no ſound, no word?
Where are you, ſpeak? alas! he is not near.

AIR.

AIR.

Sweet ſoothing hope, whoſe magic-art,
Transforms our night to day,
Diſpel the clouds, that wrap my heart,
With thy enliv'ning ray:

Thus when the ſky, with noxious ſteams
Has been obſcur'd a-while,
The ſun darts forth his piercing beams,
And makes all nature ſmile.

[*Exit* HERMIA.

SCENE VII.

Enter OBERON *and train, meeting* PUCK.

PUCK.

Hail, and welcome, gracious king,
And all the *Fairies* that you bring;
But wherefore do you thus delay?
The gentle night is preſt to pay
The uſury of long delights,
She owes to our protracted rites.

OBERON.

My fairy ſprights, brief be your ſports to night,
Much buſineſs we have yet to do ere light.
The queen in ſlumber wrapt near yonder brake,

At

At cautious diſtance watch her till ſhe wake;
Then know, what 'tis that firſt comes in her eye,
That ſhe muſt doat on in extremity:
Her new-born flame will all her thoughts employ,
Then I for aſking, get her *Indian* boy.
This done, I will her charmed eye releaſe
From viſion groſs, and all things ſhall be peace.

AIR.

But you muſt not long delay,
Nor be weary yet,
There's no time to caſt away,
Or for Fairies to forget
The virtue of their feet;
Knotty legs and plants of clay.
Seek for eaſe, and love delay;
But with you it ſtill ſhould fare,
As with the air, of which you are.

By the Star's glimmering light,
Aided by the glow-worm's fire,
Every elf and fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from briar.
Now, now, begin to ſet
Your ſpirits in an active heat;
Inſtruct your nimble feet,
The velvet ground to beat:

To

To-morrow be it ſeen
Where we to-night have been.
Sing and dance around this place,
Hand in hand, with *Fairy* grace.

[*Dance.*

AIR.

Now until the break of day,
Through this wood each Fairy *ſtray,*
And your night-ſports celebrate:
Every Fairy *take his gait,*
Trip away, make no ſtay,
Meet me all by break of day. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A *FORREST.*

Enter OBERON *and* PUCK.

OBERON.

HOW now, mad ſpright,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK.

My Miſtreſs with a patch'd fool, is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
This clown with others had rehears'd a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus'* nuptial day.
When, ſtarting from her bank of moſſy-down,
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd the clown.

OBERON.

This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou latched the *Athenian's* eyes?

PUCK.

PUCK.

That is finiſh'd too; I took him ſleeping;
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

SCENE II.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

OBERON.

Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian*.

PUCK.

This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS.

O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?

HERMIA.

If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Then kill me too—
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtolen away
From ſleeping *Hermia?*
It cannot be but thou haſt murder'd him,
So ſhould a murderer look, ſo dread, ſo grim—

DEMETRIUS.

So ſhould the murder'd look, and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd thro' the heart, with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright and clear,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering ſphere.

AIR.

HERMIA.

How calm's the ſky, how undiſturb'd the deep,
Nature is huſht, the very tempeſts ſleep;
The drowſy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,
And ſilent on the beach repoſe the ſeas:
Love only wakes, the ſtorm that tears my breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my reſt.
O love, relentleſs love, tyrant accurſt,
In deſarts bred, by cruel tigers nurſt.

[*Exit.* HERMIA.

DEMETRIUS.

There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here, brooding o'er my thoughts, I will remain,

[*Lies down.*

SCENE III.

OBERON.

What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight;
About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* ſee thou find.
By ſome illuſion, ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes againſt ſhe doth appear.

PUCK.

Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow,
I go, I go, look how I go. [*Exit* PUCK.

OBERON.

Let ſoothing ſound, his ſenſes chain,
And ſpread oblivion o'er his brain.
[*Anoints* DEMETRIUS's *eyes.*

AIR.

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's *archery,*
Sink in apple of his eye;
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the Venus *of the ſky.*
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK.

Captain of our *Fairy* band,
Helena is near at hand And

And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.

OBERON.

Stand aſide: the noiſe they make
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.

SCENE IV.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

LYSANDER.

Why ſhould you think that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never came in tears.
Look, when I vow I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

HELENA.

Theſe vows are *Hermia*'s.

AIR.

LYSANDER.

Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove *would ſwear,*
Juno *but an* Æthiop *were,*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

DEME-

DEMETRIUS. (*awaking.*)

O *Helen*, goddeſs! nymph, perfect, divine,
To what my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries tempting grow!

HELENA.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join in flouts to mock me too?

LYSANDER.

You love *Hermia*, therefore with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love, I yield you up my part;
And yours in *Helena* to me bequeath.

HELENA.

Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS.

Lyſander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none,
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
And now to *Helen* it is home returned.

SCENE V.

Enter HERMIA.

HERMIA.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes:

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?

LYSANDER.

Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go.

HERMIA.

What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?

LYSANDER.

Lyſander's love, fair *Helena*.

HERMIA.

You ſpeak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA.

Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter's vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time,
For parting us: O! and is all forgot.
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.

AIR.

Since Hermia *neglects me*,
And He *thus rejects me*,

My

My pride with my heart ſhall contend,
I'll quit love for ever,
Our friendſhip diſſever,
Adieu to my lover and friend.

My eaſy believing,
Your guiles and deceiving,
No more my fond heart ſhall betray;
I'll roam deſart places,
I'll fly human faces,
From friendſhip and love far away.

[Exit HELENA.

LYSANDER.

Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena.*

DEMETRIUS.

I ſay I love her more than thou, *Lyſander.*

LYSANDER.

If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS.

Quick, come.

HERMIA.

Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*

LYSAN-

LYSANDER.

Therefore be out of hope, for it is true,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* LYS.

AIR.

Come pride, love-disdaining,
Hence sighs and complaining,
Affection is banish'd my breast—
By nature tho' tender,
To rage I surrender
That heart which soft passion possest.

Fury, revenge, and slighted love,
Have to a serpent chang'd the dove.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter OBERON *and* PUCK.

AIR.

OBERON.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

This

This is thy negligence; ſtill thou miſtak'ſt:
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Thou ſeeſt theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Fairy*, over-caſt the night,
Then cruſh this herb into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted ſight.

PUCK.

Where is our *Fairy Queen*, my high-grac'd lord?

OBERON.

Within the wood there, on a daiſy bank
Sleeping ſhe lies, her patch'd fool by her ſide;
Her dotage now I do begin to pity,
And with this herb will take the charm away:
When next ſhe wakes, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream and fruitleſs viſion.
This, this I'll infuſe,
Whoſe ſovereign dews
Shall clear each film that cloud her ſight;
And you her cryſtal humours bright,
From noxious vapours purg'd and free,
Shall be as you were wont to be.

[*Exit* OBERON.

AIR.

AIR.

PUCK.

Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town,
Goblin, lead them up and down.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter OBERON *and* QUEEN *from the wood.*

QUEEN.

My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!

OBERON.

Silence a-while;
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Than ſleep, the ſenſe of all theſe lovers.

QUEEN.

Muſick, ho, muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

AIR.

Orpheus *with his lute made trees,*
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themſelves when he did ſing:
To his muſick, plants and flowers
Ever ſpring, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.

OBE-

OBERON.

Sound, muſick; come, my *Queen*, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.

[Dance, *and Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

THESEUS.

Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation is perform'd;
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds:
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,
Diſpatch I ſay; but ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?

EGEUS. *(looking out.)*

My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this, *Lyſander*; this *Demetrius* is,
I wonder at their being here together.

THESEUS.

No doubt they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of *May*, and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

EGEUS.

EGEUS.

It is, my lord.

THESEUS.

Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

A I R.

Hark, hark, how the hounds and horn,
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn:
From the ſide of yon hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing ſhrill.

[They wake.

THESEUS.

Good-morrow friends; ſaint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
How comes this concord in the world
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and not fear enmity?

LYSANDER.

My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking; but, as I do think,
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Free from the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

EGEUS.

Enough, enough, my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me.

DEMETRIUS.

My lord, the joy and pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;
But now in health come to my natural taſte.

THESEUS.

Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.

DEMETRIUS.

Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

AIR.

HELENA.

Love's a tempeſt, life's the ocean,
Paſſion croſt, the deep deform;
Rude and raging tho' the motion,
Virtue fearleſs, braves the ſtorm:
Storms and tempeſts may blow over
And ſubſide to gentle gales;
So the poor deſpairing lover,
When leaſt hoping, oft prevails.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Come now (to Love and *Hymen*, let us pay
Our vows, and then with mirth conclude the day)
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel, and new jollity.

CHORUS

Hail to love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the ſun from love returning,
Love's the flame in which he's burning:
Hail to love, the ſofteſt pleaſure;
Love and beauty rein for ever.

[Exeunt.

FINIS.

M.r Burton in the Character of Heartwell.

Marry quotha! I hope in heaven I have a greater portion of grace.

Act I. Sc 1.

Publish'd by Harrison & Co. April 2. 1781.